

The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 7.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1873.

NUMBER 3

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT
ORANGEBURG
Every Saturday Morning.
BY THE
ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Copy for one year..... \$2.00
" " " Six Months..... 1.00
Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for ONE YEAR, free of charge. Any one sending FIVE DOLLARS, or a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for SIX MONTHS, free of charge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1 Square 1st Insertion..... \$1.50
" " " 2d "..... 1.00
A Square consists of 10 lines Brevier or one inch of Advertising space.
Administrator's Notices..... \$5.00
Notices of Dismissal of Guardians, Administrators, Executors, &c..... \$9.00
Contract Advertisements inserted upon the most liberal terms.

MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL NOTICES.
Not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

Terms Cash in Advance.

Browning & Browning,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca.
MALCOLM I. BROWNING.
A. F. BROWNING.

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON
(Formerly of the New York Bar.)
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

W. L. W. RILEY
TRIAL JUSTICE,
Residence in Fork of Edisto.
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.
July 23

DR. T. BERWICK LEGARE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Graduate Baltimore College
Dental Surgery.
OFFICE MARKET-ST. OVER STORE OF
J. A. HAMILTON.

METALLIC CASES.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND
all of the various Sizes of the above Cases,
which can be furnished immediately on application.
Also manufactures WOOD COFFINS as usual, and at the shortest notice.
Apply to
H. RIGGS,
mar 5-6m Carring Manufacturer.

REEDER & DAVIS,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
General Commission Merchants,
Adger's Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

BRODIE & CO.
COTTON FACTORS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

WASHINGTON HOUSE
BY
Mrs. M. W. Stratton,
CORNER
GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS
COLUMBIA, S. C.

GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston Railroads and the Business portion of the City. Rate of Transit Board—Two Dollars per Day.
Regular Boarders received at Reasonable rates.
See 10

ONE OF THE LEAST.

'Hallie, would you like to drive down to the island with me? I am going to visit a patient there,' said Dr. Max Marshall, putting his head in at the door of the sitting room, where Hallie was practicing a sonata.

'Yes, indeed! anything to escape this horrid practice!' she exclaimed, jumping up with an air of relief.

'You are flattering, upon my word,' said her brother, smiling, as she dashed out of the room in search of her hat and sack.

'How does the picnic come on?' he queried when they were fairly on their way.

'Oh, capital! I invited them all today, and not one of them declined! There is one girl in our class that I did not invite. But I am sure my reasons are very good ones. The girl's name is Huldah Lamb, and she lives over on the west side of the island. Her father is nothing but a common fisherman, and as poor as poverty. He's coarse, and uneducated, and common. Belle Elmer has seen him; he went to her father's not long ago with fish to sell. Huldah used to go to school on the island, when they had any, but it has been closed for the past six months. Last term she came to our school, and Mr. Kerby put her into our class. To tell the truth, she is a smart scholar, but she is dreadfully disagreeable in other ways. She talks very ungrammatically and dresses horribly; then, too, I feel very sure she has a bad temper.'

'Suppose Huldah had your opportunities and advantages! The fact that she comes to school proves that she has some ambition, for it must be a long distance. How does she manage? Does she walk to town every day?'

'She has a boat and rows up when the weather is not too bad; then she walks. It is three miles by land, I heard her say one day; and she has not been absent once.'

'Now, Hallie, I wish you would invite her to your picnic. Give her a chance; you do not know what a kind word, or look, or act may do. But of course you must make up your mind to treat her precisely as you do other guests, with the same welcome and friendly kindness; and indeed you will be obliged to watch a little to see that others do not slight her or wound her feelings by thoughtless or unkind remarks. I know that this will not be quite pleasant, will, in fact, require some sacrifice on your part, but, my word for it, you not regret it in the end.'

'But,' said Hallie, rather reluctantly, 'I do wish it was any other occasion; I'm afraid it will spoil all our pleasure. The others will look upon her as an intruder.' 'They will soon cease to do so if you use tact; and Greta and I will be there to help you.'

'But I do not see what good is to come of it.'

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me,' Max said, gently.

'Is that Huldah's home, do you suppose?' asked Hallie, pointing to a weatherbeaten cottage situated at the termination of the road, and some distance below them.

'It must be, as I was assured there was no other house near the beach. I shall have to be a little careful in driving down. It looks rather rough.'

It was rough, but they got along nicely, and soon drove up to the door. Just as they stopped, Huldah herself came round the corner of the house with a pair of oars in her arms.

'Good afternoon, Huldah,' said Hallie, cordially. 'We are just in time to catch you, I see. Let me make you acquainted with my brother, Dr. Marshall.'

Max lifted his hat with as much deference as if Huldah had been a queen. She in return flushed and bowed rather awkwardly. She was, as Hallie had said, 'a striking looking girl' of rather a gypsyish cast. A brunette naturally, she was rendered still darker from constant exposure. The effect was neutralized, however, by the rich color that glowed in the rounded cheeks. Her dark hair was cut short and clung to her head in close curling locks, like a boy's. Her eyes exactly matched her hair in color and were very frank and pleasant in expression. Altogether she was anything but unpleasant, and Max was very much struck with her appearance.

'Won't you come into the house?' she said, putting the oars down. Her voice,

too, was pleasant; not the harsh tones that Max had expected to hear.

'No, thank you; we will not detain you. I have come to invite you to a picnic I am to give next Wednesday, to celebrate my fifteenth birthday. All the members of our class are going, besides a few others. My brother, here, and sister Greta are going, too, to keep us young people out of mischief, and Hallie laughed merrily. 'We are going in a yacht to Thompson's Grove, at the lower end of the island. We can stop here for you, and that will save you the journey to town. I hope you will go.'

'Thank ye,' said Huldah, hesitatingly. 'But I s'pose the rest of the girls will be dressed up, and you'll be ashamed of me in a caliker.'

'Indeed I shall not. I shall wear one myself, so we will keep each other company. You must not hesitate on that account.'

'You will lose time by coming in after me, when you are fairly under way, and p'raps the captain won't like it.'

'It is nothing to him any way. We hire his boat for the day, and of course he is bound to do what we wish him to. We are to start from the wharf at one o'clock, but I don't suppose we shall reach here before two unless the wind is very favorable. You will go, won't you?'

'Yes; I'll go,' was Huldah's conclusion.

'You were going rowing, Miss Huldah, were you not?' said Max.

'Yes, I go every day, almost. Would n't you like to go? I'd love dearly to take you.'

Hallie's eyes sparkled. 'Oh, I wish we might, Max!' she said eagerly. 'You can row, too, and help Huldah, you know.'

'I should be most happy,' was the response; and in a few moments they were skimming over the water propelled by Huldah's powerful arms, for she refused Max's offers of assistance with a laugh. 'It's nuthin' but play to me, I'm so used to it,' she declared.

'We have had a delightful row, Miss Huldah. I do not know when I have enjoyed one better,' Max said when they were parting an hour later.

'Yes, indeed; it was perfectly splendid added Hallie. 'And oh, I forgot to say that if it storms on Wednesday, we shall have the picnic on Thursday. Good bye till then.'

Wednesday dawned fair and cloudless, and all was bustle at the Marshalls'. Boxes and baskets and pairs were transported to the yacht; Fred in his jaunty sailor suit darting in and out, up stairs and down, calling, now for twine, now for nails; pressing everybody into service, and creating a great commotion after his usual fashion. At last everything was carried away, and the house resumed its wonted quietness.

The party assembled promptly, and just as the town clock struck one the 'Swift,' with swelling sails left the wharf.

'Now we're off!' shouted Fred Marshall.

'Three cheers in honor of Miss Hallie's birthday,' said Harry Perkins, waving his hat, and all joined lustily in the shout. Mirth prevailed, when suddenly Charley Lombard Fred's particular enemy, and fully his equal in mischief, exclaimed, 'Why, we are putting in to shore; what's that for?'

'We are going to take in the last of my guests, Huldah Lamb,' said Hallie, quietly.

There was a movement of surprise, and Belle and Maude looked at each other with expressions of disgust, while Maude May Tyrrel whispered, 'I wonder if she will wear her warm'st best go-to-meetin' gown.'

Huldah stood on the beach, looking very bright and pretty. Her dress of pink and white calico, though plain was neatly made especially becoming.

'I had no idea that Miss Lamb was such a fine-looking girl,' whispered Gus Maynard to Belle Elmer.

'She is good-looking enough; if any one admired that style,' he responded, rather ungraciously.

Thompson's Grove was a favorite resort for pleasure parties, being a pleasant drive or rail, and affording every facility to bakes or pic-nics. The wind was favorable to-day; and the 'Swift' did not belie her name, making unusually good time.

'Why, there's Tom Harrison's sail boat! I wonder if he's in it?' said Fred, as he caught sight of a sail at a little distance.

'If it is, let's ask him to join the party. He's real jolly,' he continued, casting a sly glance at Greta.

They were not long in overtaking the boat in which was seated a young man with a particular merry countenance, who accepted the proffered invitation with great readiness. Disembarkation did not take long, as all turned to with a will and transported the various articles from the boat to the grove. Then the croquet sets were placed, and those who wished to play chose sides, while some stopped to watch the games and others strolled away.

Huldah formed one of a merry group who started off in search of oak leaves for wreaths, and Gus Maynard accompanied them, greatly to Belle's chagrin, for she was devoted to croquet, and had counted upon Gus for a partner. But he had taken a decided fancy to Huldah, who appeared particularly well to-day, and kept the party laughing by her witty smiles and shrewd remarks.

'Why I'd no idea there was so much in her,' said one of the girls to Hallie. 'Nor I,' she rejoined frankly, 'but I suppose it is our own fault that we have not found it out before.'

'See how it is clouding up,' remarked some one as they rose from the table, after supper; for they had a table extemporized for the occasion.

'Do you think it is going to rain, Captain Wheeler?' said one of the girls, anxiously. 'I hope not, for it would spoil all our fun, fireworks, and then a moonlight night home.'

'W-a-a-l, no; it looks to me like a change of wind. I shouldn't wonder if it blewed pretty hard for a spell, but guess 'twill clear away pleasant by the time you're ready to start for home.'

The wind was even now blowing pretty hard and the gray waves dashed against the rocks with an ominous sound. Dr. Marshall was smoking his post-prandial cigar, as he paced the beach, when some one touched him on the arm, and turning, he beheld Huldah with an earnest expression on her face.

'Dr. Marshall, your brother and May Tyrrel went off in Mr. Harrison's boat just after supper, and they have not come back. I have been up on the rocks to see if I could see them. The boat is on the other side of the bend, and quite a distance below, with full spread sail. It is very rough, and the wind is against them; it looked to me as if they were in trouble—at any rate, they will be in great danger in a little while, I am afraid. Does your brother understand managing a sailboat?'

'Not in a squall. The foolhardy fellow!' exclaimed Max, throwing away his cigar. 'But how can we help them? There is the row boat belonging to the yacht. If you and Mr. Harrison and myself should start immediately, we could reach them in a little while.'

Just at this moment Tom and Greta made their appearance.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed the latter, as she noticed their undisturbed faces. A few seconds served to explain, and Tom Harrison started to disengage the boat.

'But you must not go, Miss Huldah; I think we can manage without you, and I cannot consent to your putting yourself in peril.'

'I am not afraid, and I am very strong. I think my help will not come amiss, and I may be able to do May some good, have understood that she hasn't much presence of mind,' said Huldah, quietly.

Max gave way, and in a moment more they were tossing upon the waves, while Greta with her pale face and anxious heart watched them from the shore. The boat was a small one containing but two oars, and it was very hard rowing. Max in particular, felt the labor severely, for of late he had been so confined to his practice that he had no time for rowing. He gave up his oar to Huldah after a while in order to rest. And so by resting in turn they made very good progress, and soon rounded the bend where they saw the sail boat. The sail was still spread, through they could see that Fred was at work on it.

'Ship ahoy!' shouted Tom Harrison making a trumpet of his hands; instantly a hankerchief was waved as a signal of distress. The sailboat was pitching frightfully; it seemed as if she would be engulfed before they could reach her. The next few moments seemed like an eternity. It was a fearful struggle. With set teeth Tom Harrison and Max Marshall bent to their oars, while Huldah steered. At length the goal was gained.

'Throw over the painter!' shouted Tom, hoarsely. Fred obeyed, and in a moment Tom was in the sailboat and at work on the sail, which had become tangled in some way so that Fred could do nothing with it. Tom's strength and skill, however, soon told, and the sail came rattling down. The relief was instantly perceptible, as the motion of the boat was eased considerably, and May, who had been crouching in the bottom half dead from fright and sea sickness, looked up, and said, 'Oh, Huldah! you there? How dared you come! O! I am so glad to see you. I never expected to see any one again,' and she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

'I think, Dr. Marshall that you can make that little cove over there. Father and I have been in there several times in rough weather,' said Huldah.

'It is useless to try to think of getting back to the grove until the gale subsides,' said Max. 'We can tow the sailboat. Fred will you take your place,' Huldah noticing how white she looked.

'Come in here with me, Huldah; then I shall feel safe,' said May eagerly. Huldah made no objection for she could not do any more good. She had turned her wrist in grasping the painter and it pained her severely, but she would not mention it at such a time.

With a good deal of exertion they reached the cove and glided through a passage among the rocks into comparatively smooth water. Here they waited for nearly an hour. The wind gradually subsided the clouds passed away and the stars peeped out one by one as they glided out into the bay again. The wind had changed, as the captain had predicted and they danced merrily over the waves. May clung to Huldah, however, and would hardly loosen her grasp for a moment. All the pic-nickers were gathered upon the beach, and greeted them with welcoming cheers Huldah was quite a heroine for the rest of the evening.

After a while they had their dinner and moonlight sail home. When they stopped to leave Huldah, Max went up home with her to give some directions respecting her wrist which was very lame. Gus Maynard accompanied her also; for the pleasure of it apparently.

'Brave girl, that,' said Capt. Wheeler as they sped on their way again. 'A regular heroine,' asserted Gus, enthusiastically.

'She will make a noble woman I've no doubt,' said May.

'If it hadn't been for her where would Fred and I be?' shuddered May.

'Oh, Max,' whispered Hallie with tearful eyes, 'instead of being the least she is one of the greatest among us.'

But Belle Elmer, with upturned nose declared afterward to her mother that she had a perfectly horrible time and for her part was sick of the sound of Huldah Lamb's name.

An Interesting Female.

A correspondent in Southern Missouri gives the following delightful picture of society in that delightful region:

Driving along the road we encountered a slender, sallow female, with arm bare to the shoulders, and not much clothes on, if we except the copper-colored petticoat, who was working a small patch of tobacco. The work was that of pulling off the shoots which are known as 'suckers,' and crushing the monstrous green worms.

I inquired if I could get a drink of water. She spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice with a 'chirt' and said:

'That's the spring over yander and that's a gourd in it.'

Having slaked my thirst with a draught of highly medicated fluid, which tasted strongly of old horse shoe and hoop iron, I sought to strike up a conversation. In passing to the spring I saw a man with a very red and scotched face, and two fearfully bungled eyes, sneaking off in the corn.

'Is that your husband there?' I inquired.

'Him? Not much, I reckon. My old man's gone down in the bottom to see if he can kill a mess o' squirrels, or maybe a young turkey. That's Arkansas Jim, the ornarist, trefinist, good for nothing whelp this side o' the Nation. He hangs around and helps my old man and the horses, but he ain't worth his salt. Come out o' ther yer durned gait, on 'now yerself. Yestidy he carried a cow down to Break creek we sold

to Ferris, an' got hold o' sum whiskey an' got drunk as a matter o' course. Then he got into a fit and the other fellow rather got away with him I guess. I wish he'd killed the blasted beast.'

'What is that truck?' I inquired, innocently pointing to the tobacco.

'Well, stranger' she replied, with a twinkle in her black eyes, 'you must be awful green not to know that. What you been living all your life? Why that's terbacker. We raise a little for our own use. People may say what they please but I tell you terbacker's a great comfort. I couldn't get along without it. I say, stranger, have you got plenty o' the twist, but I like nary the best.'

Unfortunately I don't chew but offered her a segar.

'A segar! Well I generally smoke a pipe, but I don't mind tryin' your segar just for a change.'

She wiped the gum of the suckers on her petticoat, and took the offered segar while I struck a match. After a few puffs she said:

'Well, I ruther like this. It's one of them what yer call flavonner ain't it? Mighty nice tasted, but it don't go to the spot like a pipe. I say, stranger, wouldn't you like to see my old man? Just hitch our horse and tell the nigger to come in out o' the sun an' I'll blow the horn for him to come up.'

I mildly suggested that I was afraid the 'ole man might be jealous—that men with handsome wives were generally subject to that complaint.

'Jealous! Jehu! U'd like to see him try that on me. I'd give him somethin' to be jealous for. He knows, durned well that I'm all right, and that I won't have any airs put on over me. Ez for bein' good lookin', I've seen the time stranger when you might have said that told no lie. But havin' the segar and a raft o' young uns an livin' like this'll take the starch outen a gail mighty soon, I tell you. This is a fine country for cows, but it's h—ll on women. Mornin' stranger. Next time you see a patch o' terbacker, you won't have to ask what it is.'

Bill Arr on a Bustle.

'See here, Mark Antony, if I was you I wouldn't take on so about the fashuns, they don't bother me. Its none of your business what the women put on or off, so they behave themselves and look just as purty as they can. They are a heap better than you or me any how, whether they behave or not. I wouldn't give one woman for several men no time, would you? Now see him smile and pat that off foot. If women want to wear bussels let em wear em. I thought that paucers was the best because they stuck out sideways and wasent in the way of leavin' back when they sat down, but they know which is the best side to stick out on, and its nobody's business but theirs. They may wear anything they want to, bussels and hoops and hangovers and convexes and collapses, whin diddles and stickouts and topnots come down, and anything else so their is a woman hid away somewhere inside of it all. Its all a sham—that rubber bussels—there aint no substance nor backbone in it. I've seen em flat and seen em blowed up. There aint a bit of harm in em, but I never see one on a woman that I don't want to hit it just hard enough to make it pop. I golly, wouldn't she jump high and holler. But I'm not a going to do it; no sir. I've got too much respect for women. Their bussels don't hurt nobody, and I do despise to see a man always pickin at a woman's close. If they didn't wear something to disguise em the men would quit business when they cum about. Purty women always did wear something to skoor the men away. Its been so forever. During the war I seed one jest dressed as natural as life without any paddin or stuffin, and when she cum along the boys jest laid down and rolled over and hollered. They waren't fit for business for a week but I couldn't bear to see 'em go with their faces all tied up like they do in Turkey. That would mighty nigh kill me. If I can look into their blessed countenances I can put up with their fore rigging and hind rigging and toy rignin and all. A good, sweet, purty face speaks for all the balance of the craft, I wouldn't marry nary girc on earth till I see her face and not then if she didn't suit me. If the eyes, nose and mouth are right, natur is an endorser for all the balance. Paint aint nothing—shape is everything. They cumt paint a shape nor a glance of the eye

You may paint a house over so white but dont signify what's inside of it. But when you see bright roses and pones and blossoms in the front yard and a vine over door, and clean, clear, winder glass shining, you may bet your hat on the balance. You neednt worry about the bussels nor the back. Women have been doing that way ever since old Solomon wrote about 'em. If they do lean a little as they go, its all right. They can straighten up when its necessary. No spinal disease about that. Them the very sort what can lift two bussels of meal without crackin a bone. Its only passin fashun—and will last till somethin else comes a long. Nature made em, that way, and you can't change it. The more you abuse their bussels. The more they'll stick en at you—so let em alone; I say. They are all the same about fashuns, and the last one would put em on, if they had their own way and plenty of money. I wish I was rich enuf to give every lady in the land a string of diamonds and a hat full of pearls. Good gracious; how quick that Methodist discipline would be busted on the jewelry business. Well, I do like them to look purty and so far as I am concerned, if ribbons and flowers and flounces and furs will do it, its all right. Some of the birds highly dressed up mighty fine, and I reckon their pride aint much of a sin after all. But understand me, Mark, I don't hunker after bussels, tho they do say it makes the nicest little shelf for the arms to rest on in the world, when a feller is dancing around with his gal. That's all right provided the feller ain't a dancin with my gal. If he is, why he may take her and keep her that's all.

BILL ARR.

Examining a Candidate.

A gentleman from Swampsville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

'How long did you teach?' asked a bystander.

'Waal, I didn't teach long—that is I only went to teach.'

'Did you hire out.'

'Waal, I didn't hire out? I only wanted to hire out.'

'Why did you give it up?'

'Waal, I gave it up for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a deestric and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said that Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles, stated my object introduced myself and asked what he thought about leting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestric. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy-questions in Rithmetic and Jography or show my hand writing.' He said, never mind he could tell a good teacher by his gait. Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he and I can tell jus's well's I heard you examined. He set in the door as he spoke and I thought he looked a little kitsch. But I was considerable frustrated and I didn't care much; so I totted about and walked as I knowed how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on til I thought I'd gone far enough. Then I speeded something' was to pay and I look 'round. Wa'al the door was shut and Snickles was gone.

One Joe Ware was so deeply in love with a young lady whom he often visited that at last he offered her his heart and hand. She replied that in offers like these her mother cautioned her to beware. 'Your mother was right said her lover. 'Be Ware by all means; but let it be Mrs. Joe Ware.' She rested her head on his shoulder and the contract was sealed.

A party of swindlers from the East have taken advantages of the fact that there is no law in Nebraska against lotteries to advertise extensively the Omaha lottery in aid of the State Orphan Asylum. The scheme has no connection whatever with the Asylum, is not under charge of State officers and those who buy tickets in it can expect to lose their money.

To cure a sticky chimney infuse a large ox bladder with air and tie it by the neck to a stick and place it across the inside about two feet from the top. The buoyancy of the air keeps the bladder in a circular motion and thus prevents the down rush of air.